

Home Circle.

TWO BOYS.

A Tribute.

A few years ago, in a western state, we were so situated that we could observe the ingathering of students of the county high school each morning at the call of the bell. It was pleasing and interesting to see the eager, hurrying youth gather in throngs from the surrounding country. The town was small, and perhaps two thirds of the pupils of both sexes came in from the country, driving or riding sometimes six or seven miles.

There came two boys who soon attracted our special attention. Though living nearly five miles from school, they were always on time, scarcely varying five minutes in their daily arrival. After the horse was unharnessed and stabled, the books and lunch taken from the cart, the gate shut, we have seen one open his book to take a final review of his lesson as he walked the few rods to the school building. They never seemed hurried, but there seemed not a moment lost nor a motion wasted. Even in opening and clasping the gate the hand of the one was ever ready where the other left off. It was as if one was the right hand, the other the left, so deft and concerted were all their actions.

There may have been many others as prompt and systematic as these, but as we were more used to see boys loiter about their work, or wait one for the other, or wholly neglect the little duties, the action of these two impressed us. We held them up as models for our own boys. On mentioning them to an elderly man he added this mite to their reputation. As he was driving leisurely one morning these boys overtook him, but checked their speed until they turned off in another direction. They would not drive past him for fear of appearing to show disrespect to one older than themselves. A little thing to do—all these are little things—but character is made up of just such little things. In school work they were also industrious and exact. "You should see E—'s drawings," said a classmate; "they are just right." E— was the younger. We learned incidentally that he was a feeble mother's most efficient aid in household affairs, while both were expert in all that pertains to a western stock farm which was their home.

We met E— twice only, and our favorable impressions were deepened. Domestic in his tastes, frank, intelligent, and wholly free from that affection or self consciousness which mars many a bright youth.

Our second meeting was just as he had returned from the World's Fair, and his replies to our questioning showed that, as was his custom, he had there made the very best possible use of his time and money.

It often takes a long life time of sad experience to acquire this valuable habit. It would almost seem as if young E— realized that his time was short, so careful was he to improve each precious moment.

"Death loves a shining mark." But yesterday E— was laid to rest in the cemetery beside a young brother who died but a year and a half before. To-day the father, the little sister, the frail mother, and the most desolate brother, are left sorrowing. To-morrow each must take up the duties of life—the solemn brood of care—and plod as before.

"We stretch our hands in bitter pain
Above the stream that he hath crossed
And cry 'Return,' unto the lost
But all in vain."

The cloud seems one of thick darkness, but the bow can be seen in the cloud even now. No word or deed of these absent ones but awakens loving memory and tender recollection. This might appear to make the parting harder to bear; but there are those in every cemetery whose lives were such that each remembrance brings pain and bitter regret.

There are those living who would actually covet, for themselves or for some erring wayward child or misguided friend, the "dreamless sleep" of these dutiful boys—so full of trouble, of care, of sin, of sorrow is this world of ours.

"The good die young;
But they whose lives are dry as summer's dust,
Burn to the socket."

—Vesta C. Turner.

THE darkest night that ever fell upon the earth never hid the light, never put out the stars. It only made the stars more keenly, kindly glancing, as if in protest against the darkness.

NOTHING is too little to be ordered by our Father; nothing too little in which to see His hand, nothing which touches our souls too little to accept from Him, nothing too little to be done to Him.—Pusey.

OUR blessed Lord said: "I came down from heaven, not to do mine own will, but the will of Him that sent me." Taking him as our teacher and pattern, we see at once the ground of personal obligation and consecration to God. If any man has trouble about this it ought to vanish in the light of that saying.

The Sunday-School.

JESUS BEFORE THE HIGH PRIEST

BY THE EDITOR.

It will be of great value to each scholar to know in order the events of Christ's death from the agony in the garden unto his burial. I. The agony in Gethsemane. From 12 to 1 o'clock Friday morning. Matt 26: 37-46; Mark 14: 32-47; Luke 22: 41-46. 2. The betrayal of Jesus; about 1 o'clock, Friday morning. Mark 14: 43-45. 3. The arrest of Jesus. Same time. Mark 13: 46. 4. Peter's rash defense. Same time. Mark 14: 47; Matt. 26: 50-54; Luke 22: 50, 51; John 18: 10, 11. 5. The protest of Jesus. Mark 14: 48, 49. 6. Jesus forsaken by his disciples. Mark 14: 50-52. 7. Jesus before Annas. John 18: 13. 8. Jesus before Caiaphas. John 18: 19-24. 9. Jesus before the Sanhedrin, illegally, irregularly assembled. Mark 14: 53, 54. 10. Peter's death.

LESSONS FROM THE TRIAL OF JESUS.

1. For 1800 years the enemies of Christ have been doing just what they did here—trying to find fault with his life, character and teaching, and to establish their claim, do *now* what they did *then*—bear false witness against him. There are faults and imperfections enough in those who profess Christianity, but in Christ and his religion there are no faults, no not one. Amid all enmities and assaults the Gospel of Christ stands really unassailable, and Christ himself abides the same yesterday and to-day and forever. All the historic criticism of the ages has been unable to detect one flaw in his character or teachings.

2. We have a striking example here in which silence was golden. We should be careful how we answer those who speak disrespectfully of us and of our faith. Sometimes it is better to keep silence. Let our *life* be the true answer to all opposition against our faith. When we are wronged we should not get angry and speak the word of passion or resentment. The silence of Jesus before his enemies is one of the sublimest scenes in all human history. Let us imitate him. Peter says: That by *well-doing* ye put to silence the ignorance of foolish men.

3. We are not done with Jesus when we reject him here and thrust him away from our doors and from our hearts. We shall meet and see him again.

SAINTS are not so much afraid of suffering as they are of sinning; in suffering, the offense is done to us; in sinning, the offense is done to God.